THE WEATHER
In case of picnic or full moon, heavy rain; probably followed by Thursday.

Riddleybum Scaump

READ IN THIS ISSUE
The Poet's Cawner, starring "Owed to Alma Mutter", an epic of Riddleybum life.

VOL. XXX MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL 12, 1933 No. 23

FIRE RAZES HOME OF ED LOCKWOOD

Fire late last night destroyed the home of Mr. ("Our Ed") Lockwood, veteran night guardian of Riddleybum campus. The SCAUMP never sleeps, so the ever-ready photographer secured the unusual action picture shown in this edition.

First to appear on the scene were Charley Shaw and Johnnie Kenworthy, arm in arm, evidently returning homeward from somewhere. Due mainly to the valiant efforts of the latter, the entire Lockwood family was led to safety, and a congressional medal mentioned.

Fire Chief Ed Wynn, on his way out of town, en bicycle, as described elsewhere, diagnosed the fire as of unknown origin. When he was told of "Our Ed's" occupation, however, he immediately stated that doubtless the aged night watchman had been ruminating on his nocturnal experiences in past years, and spontaneous combustion had resulted.

"But I'm not really a fire chief," blushed Wynn. "Just for $75,000 a week, I'm a fire chief.

ALUMNI QUESTIONNAIRE SHOWS FEW ZITHERISTS AMONG OUR GRADUATES

As a result of the latest of innumerable surveys conducted by the Society for the Moral, Economic and Spiritual Advancement of the Students of Riddleybum College and their Immediate Families, it was learned late today that zither-playing as a profession is on the decline among alumni of this institution.

The questionnaire form sent out to graduates of Riddleybum in the last seventeen years was so worded that past occupation, present occupation, and desired occupation, if any, were included. A request for photographs of the subject now under employment brought two snapshots as a result, which are appended to this report.

(Continued on page 6)

STUPENDOUS GREEK SPECTACLE HERE!

Riddleybum College will present an authentic Greek play the second Thursday and Friday nights next week. In strict accord with the dramatic dictates of Aristotle and his school, the play, a ten act super-spectacle, will be given out of doors, in front of Old Chapel.

Appreciating the limitations of scenery and costumes, both will be omitted in this production. Any question of displeasing the audience will be remedied by the fact that since the entire student body comprises the cast, there will be no audience.

(Continued on page 7)

Salvation of Riddleybum is Seen as Crusaders Open Purity Campaign

Comrades Peedlebaum, Lunk, and Swizzle, Led by Carrie Nation, Propose Many Moral Improvements

The intimate SCAUMP view on the left shows the actual opening of the noble campaign, before crowds which thronged Porter field. Below is a portrait of the sponsor of the movement, with one of her foes. The sponsor is the one with the cleaner.

Ferocious War Ends as Literatus and Athleticus Sign Peace Treaty

The terrific civil war which has rocked Riddleybum campus for the past month has at last reached an armistice. The forces of Literatus and Athleticus, the combatting factions, have each issued statements claiming the victory for themselves, with utter defeat for the enemy.

While the battle lasted, it was fierce and furious, as the accompanying SCAUMP photographs clearly demonstrate. On the right is seen one of the lieutenants of Athleticus receiving a smashing broadside from the trenches of Literatus; taken, you will observe, just at dusk; while on the left is a remarkable snap of Athleticus' retort.

Friendly relations were first strained when the generals on each side exchanged views on the relative importance of the other. Each defended a different credit scale for the measurement of this importance, and the clash resulted in the warfare pictured above.

For days the battle raged, with a fresh outburst every Wednesday afternoon. The crisis occurred the afternoon of March 15, when the respective leaders of Athleticus and Literatus expressed their sentiments with bluntness.

All strife must have its anti-climax, and this took place a week later, when a friendly disarmament parley between the factions was reputed to have been held. Following this conference, each party is alleged to have made concession, toward the construction of a treaty which shall make future wars of this nature impossible.

"Riddleybum must clean up! The forces of evil have reigned too long! Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of purity! The right will triumph!"

With these thrilling words, the 1933 Purity Campaign was launched this morning by J. August Peedlebaum '33, Randolph L. Lunk '35, and Wilbur R. Swizzle '35, on their temporary plat-

(Continued on page 3)

Middlebury Campus

Formerly
The Undergraduate
Founded in 1830

Member
National Collegiate
Press Association

Entered as second-class matter, February 28, 1913, at the postoffice at Middlebury, Vermont, under the Act of March, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $3.00 A YEAR

Vol. XXX. April 12, 1933 No. 23

FROM CAMPUS TO SCAUMP.

According to the present production schedule of the CAMPUS, the newly elected board first assumes entire control of the newspaper with the annual humorous issue. This is it, whether the retiring editor each year is better fit for this pleasant task, or not.

With probably just as much sincerity and good feeling as evidenced in past apologies printed in this space, the present board presents the Riddleybum SCAUMP. It has been our aim to represent Middlebury College in a lighter vein, in a manner that will be interesting to students, faculty and alumni.

We have conscientiously avoided personal injury and ill feeling in these columns, believing that those whose names habitually appear herein, increasingly regard this distinction as a mark of genuine honor. If the Riddleybum SCAUMP is taken in the manner in which it is offered, we shall not have lived in vain.

HOW DO WE DO IT?

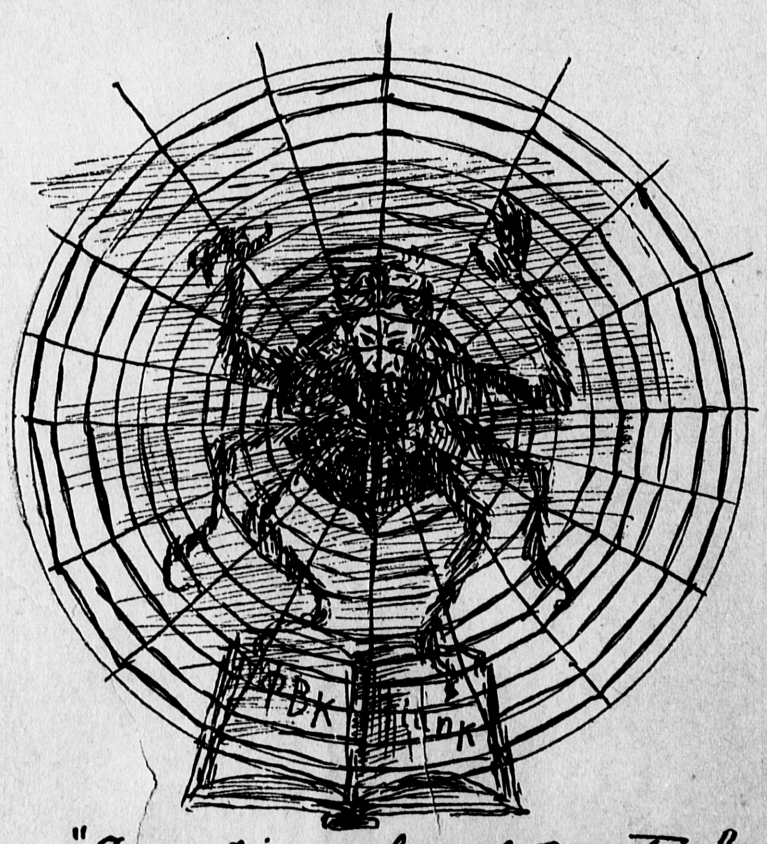
In view of the fact that this edition will doubtless do more to attract the right kind of freshman within the walls of Riddleybum College than any other single factor, the SCAUMP board has collected all the information necessary to a thorough understanding of the journalistic style employed in the SCAUMP, with the hope that this brief treatise will materially aid the understanding of the newspaper by all Riddleybum students, past, present and future, who will come in contact with these pages and desire to know more fully just what technique is followed in its production, including all rules which have been drawn up, covering the structure and use of words, sentences, and paragraphs, and how each is employed in the writing of a proper news story in these columns, such as the most fundamental rule of all, that sentences used in the SCAUMP must be brief, interesting and to the point.

Next in importance, as Vincent L. Riccio '33, captain of varsity basketball for 1935-36, pointed out, all the facts that appear in the SCAUMP must be accurate. They must be confirmed through at least five sources, including a note signed by one's mother.

A thorough knowledge of world affairs is also essential. One can easily see the advantages of the reporter who knows without looking it up, that Ghandi, Mussolini, and Hitler are all four brothers, the last of the Hapsburg line.

Nothin gdestrovs the generat appearanceof the SCAUMP quite so mutch as inaccurale proof-readimg. The staff ofthe SCAUMP is thoroughly trained inthis deparbment of the werk. Every mistaki made by the reparter or linotyper is carefully checked befoer the story appearrs in pri nt. In fact, it es the mottoo of the steff that "shrdlu etaoin!"

"THE THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK"



"Convention is the web of custom"

Galley Grist

Among the recent acquisitions for review which have come to our desk, by far the most pretentiously edited is the spring and summer number of the Montgomery-Ward & Company's catalogue. This work, which is one of the most scholarly publications in America, is compiled from the overwhelmingly erudite researches of countless corset designers and thermos bottle statisticians who represent a tradition of respectable and scholarly intellectuality. This semi-annual publication has for long given Europe, Alaska and the Canary Islanders a hint of the superb cultural superfluities which have in the aggregate continued to contribute to the growing development of the American consciousness.

The current issue of the Catalogue contains on its format a copy of Bien Inconnu's poignant painting of American home life done in a sepia reproduction. No selection of the editors could have been more wise nor more fitting, for certainly American home life is the backbone of American character, and the laws of supply and demand could not be more connotatively symbolized than in this touching reproduction of Inconnu's. It inspires morality, mother love and suicide.

The first article in this tremendous commentary on American civilization is a masterly piece of expository writing on the potentialities and the innate characteristics of the installment plan which has done more to encourage the distribution of free thinking, mission furniture and the Five Foot Shelf than all the philosophical stimulus of the American college. Rousseau anticipated by a century and a half, in his frequently unread "Confessions", the dignity and the necessity of freely expressed desire, but that philosophy has reached the flowering culmination of its vitality in the contemporary installment plan ethics. The conclusion which the authors of this exegesis quite naturally arrive at is one of assertive affirmation. Life need no longer be crushed under by a wizened lack of the necessities of existence; if your ego is wasting away from deprivation of a three piece velour tapestry suite, all that you need to acquire is five dollars down and the best intentions, and a full life becomes yours again.

The first piece of original research in this compendious anthology is on gowns, a subject on which Lanvin and Worth are said to have come to blows in the presence of six unarrayed mannequins. But here is a versality of representation that is amazing, with the commentaries translated from the original Greek and Latin into an easier cognizance of American dialect written for the masses, nor in the whole body of running comment have we been able to discover the crudity of even a lone split infinitive. The section devoted to gowns is followed by one on hats, hose and hip suspenders. One forgets the multitude of detail that comprises feminine costume until he is confronted by such a frank revelation as the chapter on lingerie, but we were inclined to pass over this a bit hurriedly for fear of detection. We do not advise letting the too young peruse this chapter for it has the capability of developing undesirable attitudes. We are not sure whether we entirely advocate such frankness, even in a survey so authentic and scholarly; the illustrations might have more wisely been tempered with—let us say—petticoats, perhaps.

The contributions on femininity are followed by various others on men's apparel, bath towels, occasional chairs and bath tubs, and these in turn are followed by various others on harnesses, camp stools and kitchen ranges, until there is left untouched no phase of American development, forming a comprehensive survey that would make an Eskimo shudder at the thought of being an American.

Our chief objection to a publication of this sort lies in the field of personal reaction to such brazen disregard for restraint. It is not always wise for a publication to be too conscientiously frank, and stout gentlemen are not always handsome when arrayed to full view in long woolen drawers. It is depressing to be reminded of such things; and very often they have been the cause of revolutions. We wonder if Montgomery Ward might not perhaps profit by a greater assumption of the reticent, with less tendency towards an emphasis on the pornographic.

Shreds and Patches

THINGS WE NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

(But which you knew all along, oh yeah?)

That it's still pretty soggy up Chipman hill way. (So don't forget your rubbers, folksies.)

That 3.2 beer, legal in Vermont on May 1, is giving the administration some slight headache, plotting the proper tactics for campus consumption.

That several states now have laws requiring that four hours elapse between the drinking of any alcohol whatever, and the driving of an automoburp.

That 3.2 brew is some several times more intoxicating than the originally proposed 5 percent stuff. Seems it's harder to digest, loafs around in one's stummick, and lasts longer, see?

That though the return of beer is hailed as a cure for depression, it is an admitted fact that for every one person who gets a job in connection with brewing, five pibble lose work in other industries: dairy, groceries, and foodstuffs frixample.

That we've said just about enough on the beer question for now.

That Hitler has invited what Broadway hoofer-colyumist to come over to Berlin for the week-end. On a pleasure trip. (Whose pleasure, Mister Hitler?)

That the ratio of college graduates who get divorced after marriage, to non-collegians doesn't mean a thing in favor of planting a fraternity pin one of these swelegant spring nights.

That your Navajo Indian exploiter - - pardon, we meant to spell that expert - - believes in The Great Spirit, the voices of birds, the strength of Indians amulets, and the general gullibility of the American college student, in all things Indian; and that he used to listen to our own prexy preach in a little Congregational church in St. Johnsbury. (So he went to New Mexico, you say?)

That Ripley (the great unknown, three years ago) condescended to the point where Dr. Merritt E. Eddy, oldest physician and Middlebury graduate, until his recent death, rated a place in his "Believe It or Not" syndicated cartoon twice. Once on his 100th natal day, and again at his death.

That there are still pa-lenty of library books on the stacks uncatalogued, or at least that deserve better care and space than they're getting now.

That nothing much can be done about either this or the absence of Time from the periodical shelves. Or even about a proper reading room with comfortable chairs and a chance for conversation. (But stick to your prayers, friends!)

That there is a newspaper in the philosophy room desk, bearing the date 1887. Now get agitated, please, somebody.

That the Opera House is slipping pretty sadly, all of a recently, as far as really good pictures go.

That the original colyumist gagged on the marble pillars supporting Cleopatra's palace. They've dug up a hot one about "Mark and Cleo are that way!" near the sixth pyramid.

That this whole thing was to be a steal on God Winchell. (Petty thievery, hey?)

CALENDAR

Advance notices for the SCAUMP calendar of what's doing in and around Riddleybum will be accepted until Wednesday noon of last week, except Sundays and holidays, when we will carry only Pullman coaches.

Thursday—
6:00 p. m. Anniversary dinner, Hepburn, Hillcrest and Battell. (No birthdays at the Chateau.)
9:55 p. m. One hundred and ninety-eighth weekly informal at the Inn begins to quit and go home.

Friday—
10:23 a. m. See you after chapel, maybe?
5:15 p. m. First SCAUMP funny joke begins to penetrate.
9:10 p. m. P. S. Murray offers second show, Opera house.

Saturday—
10:05 a. m. Special chapel service convenes, to discuss dog suffrage.
7:30 p. m. Kappa Delta Delta Delta Rho Delta sorternity formal at the Masonic Inn.

Sunday—
7:53 a. m. First dastardly alarm clock goes off in Pearsons.
10:15 a. m. Delayed disorganized hike leaves for Bittersweet.
5:00 p. m. Fashion show at Mead Memorial chapel.
9:59 p. m. Second bell rings: run, chilluns, run!

Monday—
3:23 p. m. Chemistry lab blows up.
6:25 p. m. Last SCAUMP joke is explained, at dinner.

Tuesday—
11:59 p. m. Let's call it a day!

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of the SCAUMP:

From my window I observe many things which go on around campus. At this time I wish to call to the attention of your readers one of the most deplorable situations that has ever existed on this hill during my years here.

It is true that an average of three pairs of rubbers for every two students are lost each spring and two pairs of last year's shoes are ruined by every student of French. Why? Because they are obliged to flounder along in the mud and water as they come across the field from the Chateau. Morals are being corrupted because of the lack of restraint in the students' language when they slip in the muck. Nor is "the long way around the shortest way home", for at least five freshmen each year lose their cuts because of the untold piling-up of half-cuts in French.

These staggering figures reveal to me the need of a walk across the field from recitation hall north to the Chateau and east to the music studio. This need is more acute this year than ever before, because of the strained economic situation and the consequent inability to buy rubbers.

After long hours of figuring and comparing my results with those of the latest logarithmic tables, I have found that a board walk could be laid across the territory before-mentioned at a very slight cost. If it were made of boards 2x36 in. it would require 3,860. These could be acquired at ½c each from me for I would haul them from the mill in my rumble seat. That would make a total of $19.30. Add to that $600 multiplied by five and divided by 76. This would take care of the foundation blocks. Then add 99c for miscellaneous and there you have the entire cost.

But if the college wishes "to kill two birds with one stone" I would suggest that instead of taking them away they use the planks from the ex-Panther Pantry which has long been in the dismantling process.

If this project is carried out with the ordinary speed of other Riddleybum building plans and the usual rapidity with which the laborers work the walk could easily be completed by June, 1936. I would suggest that they wait to begin until after the mud has dried up so that the boards will not have an opportunity to slip from sight.

I trust that this matter will receive prompt attention from all those concerned and especially Miss Minnie Hayden, President Moody and the president's adviser Eddie Cantor, Mussolini, Hitler, and Johnny Kenworthy.

Yours with great sincerity,
ELMIRA EMMELINE SMILEY.

Salvation of Riddleybum is Seen as Crusaders Open Purity Campaign

(Continued from page 1)

form, erected at Porter Field. (See action picture, secured by SCAUMP cameraman.)

The history of the campaign is simple. It was born in the minds of these three crusaders, early on the morning of April 1. Wrestling with the tremendous ideal of making Riddleybum a safe place for sane people, instead of merely a sane place for safe people, the men presented their plans to various faculty members and administrative heads.

Everywhere the answer was the same. The elders thought the campaign too radical to succeed. The idea of changing women's student government rules, or tampering with men's bicycle riding privileges! They scoffed and ejected the spirited crusaders from their door.

Finally a supporter was found who would encourage and direct their efforts. It was she who planned their program, printed below. Her name was Carrie Nation Hathaway. The crusade is under way!

The following demands are made by Comrades Peedlebaum, Lunk, and Swizzle:

(a) All students in the Women's College at Riddleybum shall be locked in their rooms at dusk, except seniors, on Wednesday and Sunday nights, when there is no moon. On such nights, these women may sit on the front steps of their respective dormitories until 8:15 p. m., permission to be granted only with a note signed by the girl's parents.

(b) The library shall be closed to all except certified faculty members, if accompanied by their wives, after dusk, every night except Saturday, when it shall close at 6.

(c) Men in Riddleybum College may continue to ride bicycles after dark only when in the company of two or more chaperons. During the day-time they must confine their pedalling only to the walks on lower campus.

(d) Passion Puddle shall no longer be recognized as existent.

(e) Chipman hill, tower and all, shall be completely razed. Especially the tower.

(f) No students of either sex shall be permitted to enter the balcony of the Opera House at any time. No evening performances will be open to students. All motion pictures must pass the approval of the crusaders. And their sponsor.

A membership drive is now on. All those interested in the new movement are asked to leave their names in the check room at the inn. In the event that this space proves inadequate, Chairman Peedlebaum has arranged that the elevator will be left open for a fortnight.

LOVEMAKING IS REPEATED

Owing to the sweeping success which attended the new course, instituted last year, Practical Lovemaking 43.2, it was announced this morning that the 1933-34 Riddleybum curriculum will again contain this study, with several improvements in technique equipment and personnel.

Class room work will include lecture demonstration and problem examples. Special laboratory work will be offered for those presenting the prerequisite courses Dating 22.2 and Dilling 32.1. Enlarging the present equipment afforded in Pearsons social hall, with annexes A and B, these rooms will again be avoided. Fire insurance underwriters have insisted on the installation of fire extinguishers in each corner.

The final examination, to be held in the grove behind the Chateau, will be exempt to those who have given or received fraternity pins during the year, provided the pins are worn openly and for a minimum of two months.

Though the teaching staff has not yet been definitely contracted, local professors Gaga Owing and Lansing Van Der Van Der Ammon are alleged to be vying with two outsiders, Bing Crosby, of New York, and Sultan Ha Mm-mm Chah, of Snoobar, Arabia.

Riddle: What is it that is yellow, red, orange, green, and read all over?

Wanna-Tawk-King-Slee Shows His Bare-back Riding, Bull Throwing

As a special outdoor feature of the current entertainment course series, the world-renowned Indian cowboy Wanna-Tawk-King-Slee presented an exhibition one man rodeo at the fair grounds yesterday morning.

Speaking extraordinary English for a redskin, Wanna-Tawk introduced his program with a brief speech, beginning "Mornin', fellers! Today I'm going to show you what amounts to an orientation of life on the range. Getting all this material together has taken a lot of time, but that's my business, see, fellers?" He flashed his inimitable smile for an instant while the stands rocked with gleeful applause.

The program was opened with an exhibition of trick riding, with and without the saddle. Probably the outstanding rider in all circles at the present time, Wanna-Tawk first exhibited the difficult "swozzle-drizzle". This odd name is justified by the antics of the maestro, riding madly at a huge paper hoop, through it, over and over one and a half turns, and coming up with the horse on his back and a pleased look on his (the horse's) face.

Next came a thrilling battle hand to hand, with bronchoes. To demonstrate the devilish potency of his favorite mount, fondly named "Concentrated Confusion", King-Slee offered the entire populace a chance to try his skill in the saddle by beaming, "Anybody want to handle it?" An unidentified Riddleybum freshman volunteered, but was thrown disastrously near the large black gate marked "Mid-Years". In utter stillness, the crowd stood with bared heads and waited for Wanna-Tawk to continue.

No rodeo would be complete without bull-dogging, so a large, vicious looking specimen was herded into the arena for the expert to go to work on.

"Familiarity with the subject is always essential," King-Slee pointed out, inspecting the bull carefully. Running his hands dreamily over the curving horns of the beast, he was heard to murmur, "There's a big point there!"

For the next sixty minutes, with five minutes out at the beginning of the hour, when he said he was waiting for a second bell, Wanna-Tawk went through his own approved method of animal training. Time and again he grasped the brute by the horns, braced his feet and threw the bull.

After this climactic exhibition, the spectators filed noisily out of their seats, unanimously vowing that Riddleybum would always remember Wanna-Tawk-King-Slee.

What popular math-and-physics authority always shrinks when called "The Ace of Spades"?

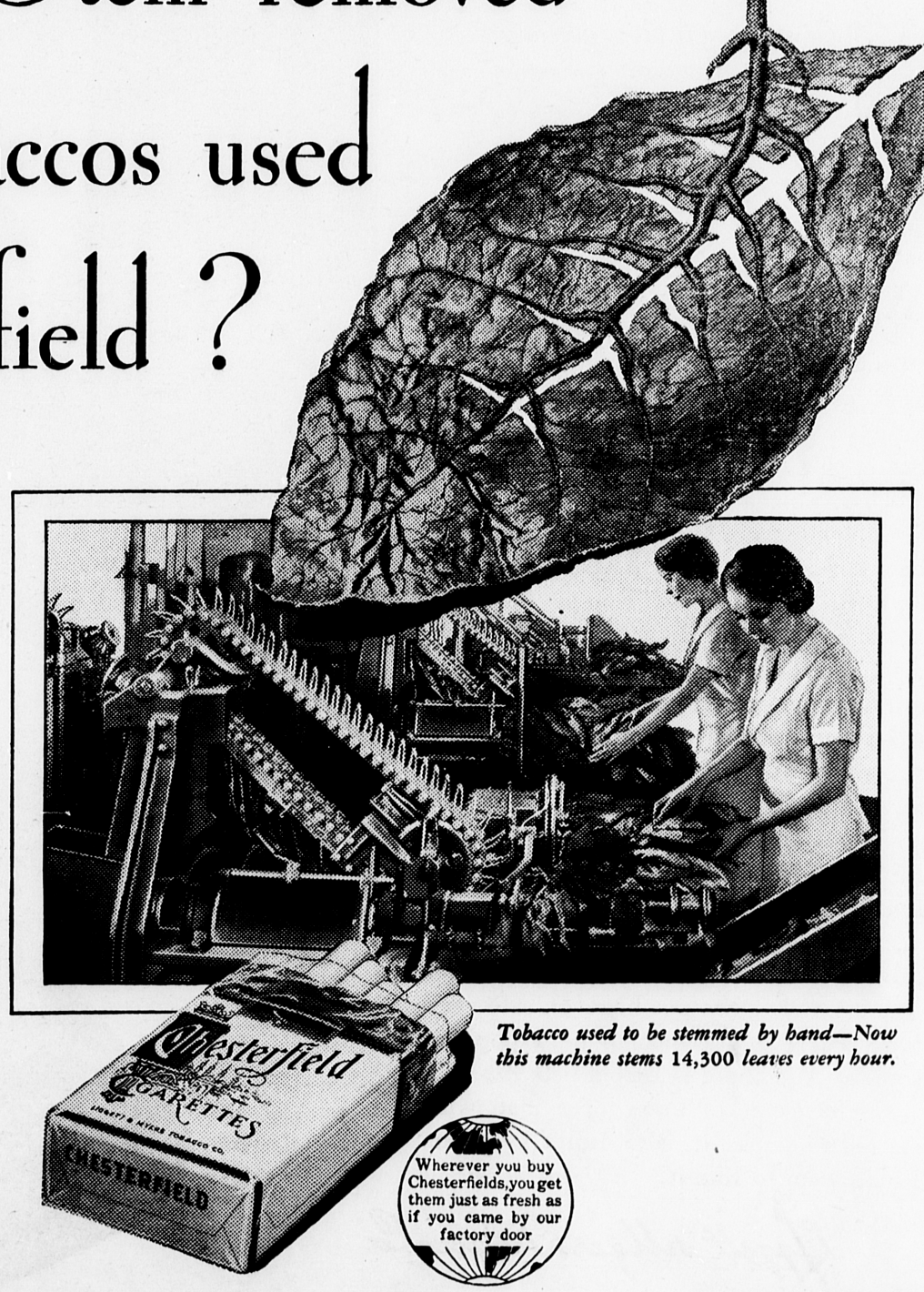
Why is the Stem removed from the tobaccos used in Chesterfield?

That's a very simple question to answer. The stem in a tobacco leaf, like the stem in most other plants, is "woody". It hasn't any of the flavor or the aroma that you want when you smoke. And it doesn't burn right.

So after tobacco has been properly aged, one of the first things to do is to remove the stems.

But what has this to do with your enjoyment of Chesterfield cigarettes? Just this. It means that we start right when we make Chesterfield—the right kind of leaf with the stem removed, the right manufacture —everything that science knows that can make CHESTERFIELD a milder cigarette, a cigarette that tastes better.

That's why people say "They Satisfy."



Tobacco used to be stemmed by hand—Now this machine stems 14,300 *leaves every hour.*

Wherever you buy Chesterfields, you get them just as fresh as if you came by our factory door

© 1933, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

OWED TO ALMA MUTTER

With the greatest of pleasure, the Riddleybum SCAUMP presents the following brain child for this week's Poet's Cawner. Proceed at your own risk:

In the town of Riddleybum
Far from crowds, from city people,
From temptation bad for young men,
Likewise bad for some young women,
Is a college, yes, a good one,
Full with students smart and dumb ones,
Men and women, not together
But with mutual understanding.

Comes each year the month of "Mad Moon"
When the air is warm and balmy
And the students balmy also.
Blows the southwind to the northward
Bringing thoughts of love and Whatnot,
Things to do, not in the text-books,
Thoughts of walks and talks, oh, my yes!

Passion Puddle and the Graveyard.
Long and hard beat on the tom-tom;
Hear the sad tale of the down-fall
Of the warrior Bull Moose Blue Key.
Fill the air with jeers and hisses
And razzberries intermingled.

At this college lived a Prexy
Dignified with looks impressive,
With a cane, Gamaliel Painter's,
Carried in the joy of victory
By the great and mighty chieftan.

Dwelt there also at his right hand
A medicine-man of much strength
Known to young bucks as the "Dean".
Versed was he in arts of magic;
Aided by a system, oh, my yes;
How to tame the devil "Cut-pro";
How to send notes to the book-store:
How to curb the tiny bull-dog
With potent charms and with low whistles.

From the distant land of "Whoopee"
Riding on the gentle southwind,
Came to college Daniel Cupid
Shooting from his bow with arrows,
Piercing hearts of all collegians,
Co-eds not excepted, likewise,
Causing thoughts of the big city,
Gin and bitters, Guy Lombardo,
Decimal point beer and Chipman.

Now did Prexy show his prowess;
Called a council in his wig-wam:
Called the Dean with all his magic,
Called professors to his teepee;
Called the student Bull Moose Blue Key.

The Whistler with his signs and symbols,
Suggested use of "delta x"
Finished up his speech with "Don't it?"

Stood up then a young professor
Made a speech on art for art's sake
Mooed the glee-club should get letters.
Then a young brave Lansing Vander
Said "Ho-ho, it's only natural,
Young bucks will get hot and bothered."

Came a low voice from the back row,
Made a murmur Wanna-Tawk,
Up spoke he "Don't quibble, fellers".

Then advanced the head Distiller
Spoke of formulas and test-tubes,
Of H-two-O and HCl
Or the dreaded KNO-three.

Up rose then Medicine-woman,
Spoke of wearing shirts with neck-ties
Made a speech about the spring-time.
Long they thought about the problem,
What to do to save the college - -
Save them from the fate of Red-Wing.

Rose in council Bull Moose Blue Key,
Waited till there was a silence
Told of days when men were good ones,
How when they had graduated
They grew to be nice ministers,
Lawyers, doctors, with much wampum.

How the co-eds also differed,
Became nuns so somber, pensive,
Instead of chorus girls, oh, my yes!
Said at U. V. M. 'twas not so,
That up there they had a good school,
At Vermont they're on the level
Doing good deeds like Boy Scouts should.
Finished speaking Bull Moose Blue Key.

Up rose Prexy on his high-horse,
On his brow a frown, a bad one,
In his eye a glint, a mad one,
Reached his hands to tear his hair out
And he would of if he could of.
Saw the flaming face of Bull Moose
Choked and gurgled ugly murmurs,
Growled and gnashed his gold bicus-

(Continued on page 5)

Ever smoke "whittle" tobacco?

Well . . . here it is . . . already whittled FOR you. Granger Rough Cut is tobacco whittled right . . . that's one reason why it burns so slow and cool.

WHEN we started to make Granger Rough Cut we knew that fine tobacco burnt hot because it burnt so fast. It kept your pipe hot. You could hardly hold your pipe in your hand, it got so hot at times.

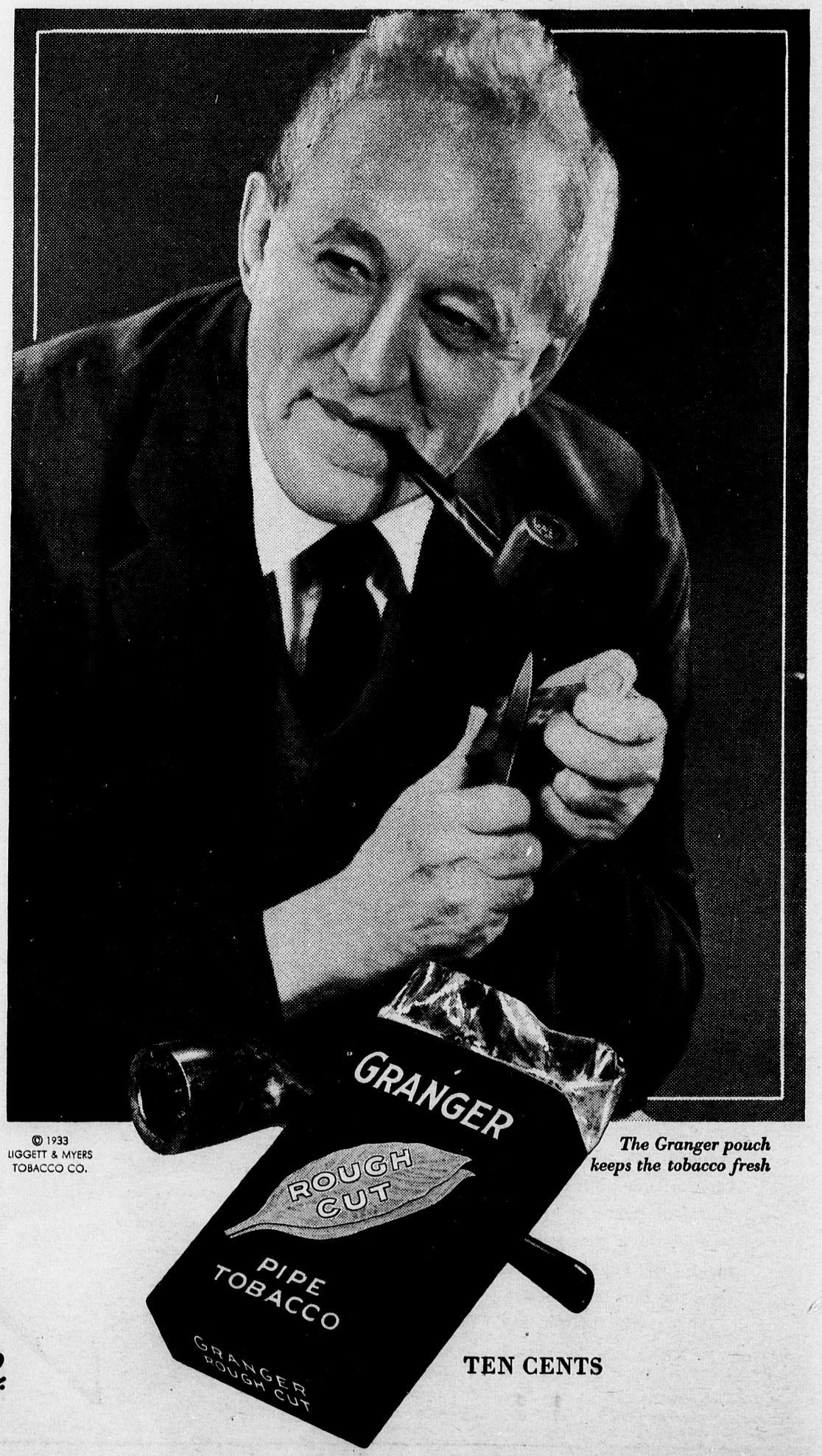
Then we remembered that some folks back yonder used to "whittle" their tobacco. So we made GRANGER just like "whittle" tobacco — "Rough Cut." It smokes cooler and lasts a lot longer. And also, you'll find it never gums the pipe.

So far, so good. Now we wanted to sell this tobacco for 10c. Good tobacco—right process—cut right. It was a question of how to do it for the price.

So we put GRANGER in a sensible soft foil pouch instead of an expensive package, knowing that a man can't smoke a package. We gave smokers this good GRANGER tobacco in a common-sense pouch for 10c.

GRANGER has not been on sale very long, but it has grown to be a popular smoke. And there is this much about it —we have yet to know of a man who started to smoke it, who didn't keep on. Folks seem to like it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



The Granger pouch keeps the tobacco fresh

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TEN CENTS

Faculty Gymnasts Cause Serious Problems For Would-be Student Physical Culturists

That the athletic system is in need of revision, has long been the poinion of the students of Riddleybum College. Apparently the real reason why teams are maintained is to keep the members of the faculty and administration in some sort of condition.

For nearly two months of the year Coach Melson has an excellent opportunity to exercise his right leg drop-kicking for the freshmen. The remainder of the winter is spent developing professional hockey tactics against a hand picked group of young hopefuls who are husky enough in spite of their youth to furnish the necessary opposition.

During certain recesses supposedly granted by said administration for rest and recreational purposes, the tennis courts are the scene of battle royals between those representives of the Biology department, Longspring and Fulweight. Their sole idea seems to be to get ahead of the tennis coach, Cornfence, who spends the remainder of the season jumping the nets. Occasionally a team is seen to practice.

The administration even invades the board track in the form of F. F. Jitz who, disguised in a Ridd track suit canters miles on end (his own, lowered) in his endeavors to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Within the sanctum sanctorum of the gymnasium, the basketeers fret and fume for hours waiting the end of a fast set of Badminton featuring Professor Piccolo and Poultice.

And nothing can be done about it. "Grow young with the boys", seems to be the faculty motto. But the boys are growing old waiting for the profs to grow young and get done with it.

We believe that the primary idea back of intercollegiate athletics is to exercise the minds and bodies of groups or representatives picked through a system of elimination. If the elimination situation does not function properly, the indications are that the entire collegiate system is tottering. The outlook is very black, to say the least.

One remedy has been suggested. In the future, endowments for athletic purposes should be carefully defined as to their intended use. Some system must be evolved so that the faculty receives its just share of the benefits. The proceeds would go toward creating gymnasiums and athletic fields for its recreation. Then and then only will the teams be back on par with those of prewar days when students were athletes and professors were mere educators.

PROF. OWING DIES FROM FRESH AIR

Prof. H. G. Owing died suddenly this afternoon at 1:30 in recitation hall. The coroner's report returned a verdict of asphyxiation by fresh air.

All the details concerning the tragedy are not yet known, since the shocked students of his class were unable to give coherent accounts of the disaster. The popular instructor had been in apparent good health and humor when he strode into the room, swinging his laden briefcase.

Removing his overcoat, but retaining his overshoes, Prof. Owing flung up the eight windows of the classroom, according to his custom. Seating himself at his table, he began humming "Goin' Home". This was not recognized as an evil omen at the time, however.

He had started the lecture, and already closed his wide blue eyes when the deadly fumes of fresh air assailed his sensitive nostrils. Gasping for carbon dioxide he clutched madly at his Adam's apple, but in vain. There lay the prostrate figure in brown tweed, a pathetic sight. Weeping women sadly noted the carefully matched orange sweater, tie, handkerchief, and socks. Immaculatus morans!

Funeral services will be conducted from his late residence at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Willie Burpage. The Rev. Trancy C. Adams will deliver the eulogy and will read the favorite poem of the deceased, printed below. Members of the men's glee club will render two vocal numbers, "Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme", and "Earth Hast Nothing Sweet or Fair".

Prof. Owing will be lovingly remembered as the author of the following verse:

Temperature

Some like it hot
Some like it cold
Some like the atmosphere
Nine days old.

ALMA MUTTERS ON
(Continued from page 4)

peds.
Rolled his sleeves and turned to Bull Moose
Grabbed him right between the war-paint,
And his foot was there, you bet you!
Twice around his head he whirled him
Up against the antique side-board.
With a crash the side-board shattered.
Then did Prexy lose his temper,
Snatched the Bull Moose by the breech-clout,
Hurled him with a side-arm motion
Up into the sky above them
Where he stuck like to fly paper.
Flamed the face of Bull Moose Blue Key
Like a star up in the heavens.
There he sticks a guide to sailors
Known to those ones as the Dog Star.
All papooses heed, take warning,
Speak not lightly of our brothers,
Of our brothers by the lake.
And remember Riddleybum
Not to take her name in vain.

George Baffles Track Man By Healing Ankle

A prominent member of the track squad reported last Thursday a sprained ankle treated by George Farrell, trainer, completely recovered in the usual period which a sprained ankle should take to heal.

Interviewed by reporters, trainer Farrell expressed his complete surprise at the whole occurrence and could offer no certain explanation of the strange turn of the case. In view of the startling nature of the news and the unusual curiosity aroused in the men's college, Mr. Farrell felt constrained to issue the following statement through his extremely efficient stenographer.

"In the treatment of so many sprains and burises in my daily work, it is only human that something should go wrong sometime . . . I suppose I've gotta give those guys some explanation of this thing though . . .

"In this particular case I know of no reason why the sprain should heal. One good thing about this is all the congratulations and presents I got. These cigars of Coach Black are awful ropes though . . . I have conducted a careful investigation of the case and decided that the ankle musn't have been sprained in the first place and the bottle of medicine I used was exactly the kind needed for the sprain, though I see no reason why it should be, because I picked it out carefully after much thought . . . That ought to satisfy them!

"Needless to say, I will be much more careful in the future and I'm sure I have been taught a valuable lesson."

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MILK FUND SOUGHT

The Women's College of Riddleybum is seeking contributions for their milk fund for the benefit of the D. K. E. fraternity. Boxes have been placed on Chipman hill, at Passion puddle, the Dog Cart, and Joe's. Anything from five dollar gold pieces to hundred dollar bills will be welcome, according to Miss Elizabeth Bryan '35, chairman of the committee for the fund.

Miss Bryan said that this movement was started after seeing the tall individual cups standing idle in the closet of the D. K. E. house, and after observing the general air of poverty there.

"Women are naturally of a sensitive nature", she said, "and when the women of Riddleybum saw conditions at the above named fraternity last Saturday they decided that something must be done."

Assisting Miss Bryan in her good work is a committee consisting of Miss Mary Omwake '33, Miss Dorothy Jordan '35, and Miss Ruth McNulty '36.

Notice.

The SCAUMP announces that Adolph Hitler will address pre-legal students tonight in Hepburn Social hall on "The Jewry System in Germany."

Fraternities Pledge Eighty-two Women

DKE and DU in the Lead With 16 Members; KDR And SPE Sign Up 12

Eighty-two women pledged up to eight Riddleybum fraternities recently, at the culmination of a hotly contested rushing period, extending all year. Many, deferring decision, are expected to sign up later.

Delta Kappa Epsilon and Delta Upsilon broke even with sixteen members of the Women's College at Riddleybum each. Kappa Delta Rho and Sigma Phi Epsilon nosed each other out with a dozen apiece. Alpha Sigma Phi was neck and neck with Chi Psi at eleven each. Beta Kappa and Beta Psi pledged six and one, respectively.

Names and addresses of the rushees follow:

(Linotyper's note: Migawd, not the addresses!)

(Editor's note: Who's writing this, anyway?)

Names of the rushees follow:

Alpha Sigma Phi
1933
Hazel Alice Brown
Marie Josephine Ernst
Altha Jeanette Hall
1934
Marion Bugbee
Elizabeth Frances Seckerson
1935
Patience Lyon
Jean Walker
1936
Katharine Louise Kelley
Ruth Gertrude McNulty
Evelyn Dorothea Poppel
Barbara Trow Wishart

Beta Kappa
1933
Virginia Carver Whittier
1934
Bernice Edith Cooke
Dorothy Anne Major
Anna Alila Tuthill
1935
Faith Arnold
1936
Margaret Raynor Leach

Beta Psi
1934
Helene Guertin Marie Bernard

Chi Psi
1933
Doris Ruby Barnard
Elizabeth Hamlin
Virginia Amy Kent
1934
Virginie Gosselin Chamberland
Lovina Alice Foote
Eleanor Parthenia Orde
Catharine Eleanor Petrie
Dorothy Caroline Smith
1935
Dorothy Gray
Elizabeth Higgins
1936
Patricia Willcox

Delta Kappa Epsilon
1933
Mary Elizabeth Duryee
Ruth Nodding
Mary Katharine Omwake
1934
Emmy Lou Nothnagle
Helen Virginia Remick
Marion Butler Webb
Dorothy McKnight Wilson
1935
Elizabeth Jane Bryan
Elizabeth Coley
Grace Marion Harris
Josephine Knox
1936
Marion Cole
Dorothy Mae Jordan
Ruth Gertrude McNulty
Virginia Rich
Hazel Martha Schmidt

Delta Upsilon
1933
Miriam Inez Barber
Elly Delfs
Dorothy Grant Kennedy
Dorothy Bessell Wheaton
1934
Priscilla Swift Bowerman
Dorothy Gifford
Mary Evans Moore
Jeanette Stone
Meriel Field Willard
1935
Elizabeth Bartlett Bailey
Mary Elizabeth Clark
(Continued on page 8)

SCAUMP Dictaphone Records Play-by-Play Description of Classic Football Battle

Our own little dictaphone, left out in the rain in the Porter grandstand since last fall, burped out the following, after being revived:

"Good-afternoon ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. Through the courtesy of Lady Frothingham and Co., manufacturers of the worlds finest face powder, you are about to hear a play by play description of the gridiron struggle between the faculties of Riddleybum college and Riddleybum varsity.

"Flanking me on both sides are the leading sports writers from all parts of the country, while the bleachers and stands are packed by a mass of shivering humanity. The boys have taken to the 3.2% beer to try and raise their spirits. Last night I witnessed the sons of Gamalier Painter pack the gym to the rafters in a titanic rally, all pepped up, and roaring to go. After letting off steam for about fifteen minutes, their enthusiasm dropped quicker and lower than six skirts when coach Way Bek waded through a half hour of dismal predictions. At the close, the more religious were praying the game might be cancelled. (Incidentally, folks, the autobiography of coach Bek is now on the market, complete in ten volumes. It is heartily recommended to every lover of the Frank Merriwell classics.)

"To get back to the game folks; the two teams are ready for the kick-off. A. Dams is about to kick for Riddleybum, with B. Ryant holding the oval. Toe meets ball and we're off, we're off. Yeah we're way off friends; he missed the ball completely.

"Now they're back in kick formation, and the game is really on this time. The visitors fumbled, and in a democratic race for the ball R. Usby with leaning socialistically recovered it at no 'out of pocket' cost. 'I want for you' to know that this man W. Omack who is pounding tackle can certainly crack a line.

(A very strange interlude - - - two minutes of the game now left.)

"The score is still tied and it looks like a scoreless deadlock. There goes a substitute for Ridd. and time is taken out. I would like at this time to thank the Athletic department for furnishing us with a man who is familiar with all the players. He has been a great help in identifying the various men. Who is the water boy, Al Oh I see. He says that all matters of such importance are made public by the directors office, only through the medium of the SCAUMP, the college weekly. Well they are off again, and the Big Blue Wave can make no headway. It begins to look as though this game were a washout. Just a minute, something seems to be wrong down on the field, the Ridd team is arguing among themselves about something. I will now turn the directional mike toward the huddle and let you listen in".

(Q.B.) I'm calling plays here, and 'ts about time we tried number seven. We've got to score.

(Capt.) Orders are to save that for the Vermont game.

(Q.B.) This means more than the U. V. M. tussle, look at the reputation a win will get us.

(Capt.) It is the policy of the dept. to take Vermont.

(L.E.) My weather charts predict a slight rainfall within the next ten seconds so we can't pass.

(R.E.) Your reasoning is good, but your football is amazing.

"This is your announcer again. The quarterback is leaving the game, apparently in a huff. There seems to have been some argument, and the captain is encouraging his men - - Oh - - what a play. Just a minute folks until I get this straight, the place is in an uproar, I can't hear a bottle drop. Well it was this way: just as the quarterback was close to the sidelines, the team hopped into position and the ball was snapped. A long pass was tossed to the player leaving the game, and he scored without a hand being laid on him. What a play, what strategy, and what a coach. And I don't say this because he is my brother either."

"Your announcer Kum Bek of the BEK broadcasting system wishing you all a cherry good-afternoon, courtesy of the SCAUMP Publishing Company, Limited, Incorporated, Abandoned."

EXTRA

Prexy Moody's Benefit Concert Minstrel

All Colored
SEE HIM PLAY TARZAN!

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the AFRICAN CROONER SENSATION!

See HAMBONE and WISHBONE - - Endmen
HARD BECK and GRAMP HARRINGTON IN PERSON!

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in SHOW ME (?)
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BOTH LADIES and GENTS

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SKITS! FUN! HOULU DANCES! ACTION!

WHAT A TIME!
WHAT YOU DON'T SEE WON'T BE WORTH WHILE!

(BEER served while Artists DRESS)
(COME and get IT)

NUDIST FAN BARES ALL

Burt ("Witch Hazel") Tyne is Interviewed in Mountain Lair by Intrepid SCAUMP Reporter; Photo Secured For Exclusive Use in This Publication.

At the left is an exclusive SCAUMP snapshot of Nudist Tyne, taken deep in the wilds of his Vermont hide-away.

The name of Burt ("Witch Hazel") Tyne, reputed to be dean of Riddleybum College, was implicated as the secret force behind a sweeping drive to bring nudism to the fore in Vermont, according to lurid details of the plot laid bare today by Enterprising Reporter No. AB36d, while covering his beat in the mountain fastness behind Ripton.

With all the fearlessness of the press, Enterprising Reporter No. AB36d stole into the nudist's lair, near the foot of Bread Loaf, and secured numerous authentic photographs. Due to state censorship laws, we are printing only one of these, which accompanies this story.

Enterprising Reporter No. AB36d (known hereafter as Mort) stumbled upon Burt ("Witch Hazel") Tyne near a small green and white cottage, the alleged center of the nudist movement. Prancing about the open fields was seen the figure of a young man, totally deshabille. When approached and asked to hold still a moment, he responded by standing coyly on his head. This picture was censored, coyness and all.

After a number of intimate snapshots, in various poses, Mort persuaded the cult leader to discuss his new movement. A lengthly statement resulted, from a signed copy of which, we quote the following:

"Now is the psychological time for an upswing in nudism. People can afford less money for external clothing - - inferior clothing worries them - - worried people can't sleep - - people who can't sleep, can't hold their positions - - they become discharged - - this increases unemployment. Therefore, to remedy the depression, go nudist!

"Nudism is a much misunderstood cult. To learn to love it as I do, one must get down to the fundamentals. Adam and Eve, without sin until the snake originated apple-vending on street corners, were the parents of nudism (as well as Cain, Abel, and Soforth), In Eden, it was fig leaves that spoiled their amateur standing - - today we must shed even short pants, in order to get truly back to nature . . . Go nudist!

"Nudism develops genuine masculinity in man and the opposite in woman, for nature in the raw is seldom mild. When nudism gains its proper 'place in the sun', we shall see a new race of supermen produced - - not to speak of a new women's dormitory and a life size gymnasium - - so nudism answers economic questions, too . . . Go nudist!"

As far as definite steps which Burt ("Witch Hazel") Tyne plans for student reception to his cult, he had no statement to make.

"I shall leave it wholly up to individual vision," he pronounced gravely, "though I do feel that a tux tie and spats for men, and a choker pearl necklace for women, must soon be recognized as the proper and desirable formal attire."

As he finished speaking and bowed Mort out of the clearing, it was noticed that the cactus upon which he had been seated was bent and crushed . . . "Go nudist!" he murmured modestly.

ED WYNN PAYS VISIT TO OLD RIDDLEYBUM

Chief Arrives With Bag of Hay for Horse; Prof. G. I. Swette Overcome on Way to Station to Greet Noted Comedian.

Chief Ed Wynn, Middlebury '00, this week paid a brief visit to his alma mater, accompanied by a duffle-bag filled with hay for his horse, who was detained at Vergennes, by order of the Board of Health.

Prof. G. I. Swette, who had prepared a little verse of welcome to be recited at the station, was seized with a strange malady on his way to greet the Fire Chief and was carried perforce into Joe's. Mr. Wynn was discovered, half an hour later, seated on the railroad ties, quietly awaiting the arrival of our renowned Dog Cart.

When he was informed that this vehicle is in reality an experimentation laboratory for the cultivation of Lavoris-proof raw onions, he expressed a delicately suppressed guffaw (in the dignified manner which has so endeared him to the more intellectual of America's radio loafers, and consented to be conducted up College Hill, under an escort of picked seniors trained among the Swiss Alps.

Punster Greets Wilcox

Mr. Wynn was fascinated by the pleasant calm of Middlebury's broad boulevards, dozing as if in a state of siesta after an overwhelming draught of spring. Passing staid little Wilcox, eternally enveloped in peace and shadow, and observing the young men ensconed on the steps in attitudes of sweet resignation, he remarked with the keen wit characteristic of the humorist-on-vacation, "Ah, a monastery—well, stary, anyway."

Prudence Fish Laughs

It is recorded that Miss Prudence Fish laughed—but personal feeling may have influenced her want of judgment in this instance, for the fact that she yesterday spent the evening wrapped around the radio at the Riddleybum Inn, with that look on her face, is thought to be the result of Mr. Wynn's Lochinvaric sojourn.

Pres. Paul D. Moody, carrying his cane as a protection against unruly canines, received Mr. Wynn at the portals of Mead Memorial Chapel. The dialogue between these two great minds has been recorded in shorthand by the lightening pen of a SCAUMP star reporter, who was concealed in the folds of Prexy's cassock. It is reported as follows:

"Hi, Wynn!"

"Hi, Mood!"

(A poetic freshman transcribing the notes originally wrote these memorable salutations "High wind! High Moon—", which blasphemous error necessitated careful revision of the whole conversation.)

Poignant silence.

Wynn: Good looking building you've got here.

Pres: Worthy of its mountain setting, beautiful, stable—

Wynn: My horse wouldn't like it.

Horse Telegram Ends Call

A low appreciative moan swept over the crowd, all ears cocked like guns to murder every word. But at this tense moment, as if by fate, appeared Prof. Samuel E. Longspring, on bicycle, with a telegram for the distinguished visitor. Reading it, the great man paled, trembled.

"From my horse, in Vergennes" he gasped, and, hastily unseating Professor Longspring, he straddled the frail machine and precipitated down the hill.

The telegram, announced in chapel, read: "OK, this is the place." Mr. Wynn has not been seen since.

TILLIE THE TOILER WINS SPELLING BEE

Aunt Jemima Bristol Tests Office Secretaries in a Terrific Word Contest Yesterday.

In a little room, just off the first floor corridor in South Painter, six women struggled and strained yesterday afternoon, in the first all-campus spelling contest, limited strictly to secretaries of the several administrative offices.

As the clock struck two who later recovered Aunt Jemima Bristol rose to her feet and tapped on the desk before her.

"Ladies," she beamed, "we are gathered together to decide which of you, if any, is the most proficient speller. We shall have a spelling bee, yes! Now, girls, please line up on the far wall there, and I'll give you the words.

SCAUMP Reporter in Box

Over in one corner was the press box, cunningly built from a genuine Louis XIV soap box, by up-ending the latter. Enterprising Reporter No. 47CD3 huddled in this, pencil poised. Aunt Jemima opened her book and began.

"Pam Powow, you're first. Spell antidisestablishmentarianism!" Again she beamed, losing her place in the book. Mrs. Powow noticed this and gulped.

"C-A-T-", she said promptly.

Aunt Jemima glanced at the page and became flustered, murmuring absently, "Yes, that's right . . . Now Tillie, you're next. Spell C-A-N-D-Y".

"Confectionery!" blushed Mrs. Adleigh, with a giggle.

"Right! Now, Miss Bucket, how do you spell development?"

Helen Bucket tittered and lowered her eyes. "G-R-O-W-T-H!" she said.

"Correct! Who's next, please? You with the red hair? Oh, yes, Mary Mack. Your word is 'excused'.

"Excused" Baffles Mack

"Please, Auntie, I never heard that word. How is it used?" Miss Mack was cool, assured.

"Here's a sentence: 'His absence from chapel was excused.' See?"

"No, I'm sure there's no such word," Mary returned. "I never heard it used that way!"

"Very well, spell 'fish' then."

"P-F-I-S-H?"

"Wrong, there is no 'P', Mary", said Aunt Jemima, while the whole row snickered.

"But I thought - - maybe not," Miss Mack retired.

And so, down the line went the contest, until all had had a try. Three misses and they were out. It was a gruelling contest, as often words were required that had more than one syllable. Four secretaries in a row fell down on the word 'efficient', claiming it was one never used in their office.

Pam Powow was the only one who mastered 'dictaphone', while a little secretary on the end, who refused to give her name, thought she knew what 'typewriter' was, but she wasn't sure.

Tillie Retorts to Win

Tillie Adleigh won, just as the chapel chimes rang out, on the word 'personnel'. Though she knew there were three 'L's in it, she countered by asking Aunt Jemima Bristol, whereupon all contestants voted her the prize, a handsomely bound thesaurus, with a handy key to spelling and pronunciation in the a-p-p-e-n-d-i-x.

Zither-Playing Among Our Graduates Is on the Decline

(Continued from page 1)

Aside from the alarming zither-playing situation, the survey of the S. M. E. S. A. S. R. C. I. F. discovered that organ-grinding, in the same general classification with scissors-grinding and teeth-grinding, was on the upswing. A picture of prosperous Herman L. Zoop-pell, ex-'19, shows the subject's pleased smile, as well as the monkey, Melvin S. Murgatroyd, also ex-'19.

The vending of old artichokes purports to be a coming vocation, as the glimpse of G. Axel Kulpswich '13 would indicate. In his charming, informal letter which accompanied his answer, Mr. Kulpswich was most enthusiastic. "One meets such nice people!" he says.

Seven graduates of the class of 1924 are busily and happily engaged in sweeping-up-after-bread-lines in Manhattan. There were eight, all classmates, but one left to play third bassoon with the Hoboken Symphony orchestra, where two members of the class of 1920 take turns carrying the drum.

Included in the survey returns were the following occupations mentioned: spinnet-tuning, elephant-tickling, jig-saw-puzzle-undoing, serge-suit-polishing, doughnut-ringing, trombone-swabbing, and peanut-scrambling in Central Park.

Audience Breathlessly Awaits Openings for Applauding Rare, Salshaker, and Brick Trio

The Riddleybum College entertainment course ended in a burst of applause last night from the students, faculty, and townspeople which thronged the three rear pews of Mead chapel. Bursts of applause from the audience at unexpected intervals characterized the evening performance of the Rare, Salshaker and Brick trio who returned to Middlebury last night for the eighth consecutive year.

The most original feature of the bassoon, lute and snaredrum program was the part the audience played. Frequestly interupting each other, audience and maestros took turns in the same manner in which audiences become court room visitors at theatrical trials.

Applause was spontaneous, spirited, and intellectual at all times. Terrific and unqualified clapping occurred at the end of every number on the program, between movements of all pieces, and at all rests longer than two beats.

With hands poised in clapping positions the audience waited breathlessly for breaks in the music, eager to carry out their portion of the entertainment enthusiastically and artistically even though members of the trio feinted at high notes, dropped low ones, and lightly passed over those in the middle register.

Most graciously received by the audience was Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata arranged by I. Bloop for the bassoon. Mr. Rare's interpertation was accompanied at the spinnet by Mr. Salskaker. The audience broke into the rendering only three times with heart felt applause, once at the end of the second measure, once when Mr. Salshaker momentarily paused to turn a page and the third time while the bassoonist was searching for G sharp minor. At each of the interruptions the musicians rose and bowed to express the appreciation.

The gripping melody of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" by Wagner eerily luted by the lutist, Mr. Filander Brick, merited such storms of clapping from the listeners that Mr. Brick was forced to repeat the chorus three times. The audience was so familiar with the famous Scotch ballad at the end of the third repition that applause was heard only at the end of the piece.

Selections most frequently broken into with applause were "Now You've Got Me Crying Again", Palestrina's "Corale in B-flat", Oomperdinck's "Schrlutschrlut Bung", "Yes, We Have No Bowl of Cherries", and a special arrangement of "Gamaliel Painter's Cane and Panther Song".

Furniture movers engaged to arrange instruments at various vantage points on the chapel stage, furnished light entertainment between numbers, to the delight of the younger element in the audience, who sneaked in between shows.

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Local Idol Busts Into The Hall Of Defame

H. v. d. H. Lansing Dishonor to Riddleybum by Reason Of His Unusual Career

Hayden von der Hammond Lansing was recently elected to the Hall of Defame for Infamous Americans. This is the greatest dishonor ever brought to Middlebury by any of her former professors.

Alumnae who were in College in the early 'thirties will remember Prof. Lansing as a propounder of the English Poets and Prose Writers. It was this infamous practice, coupled with an insatiable desire to produce headaches by means of phonograph records of so-called "great" composers, which led to his election to the Hall. The judges' decision was reported as unanimous.

Only persons who have been dead for 25 years are eligible for election to the Hall. It will be remembered that ex-Prof. Lansing died in 1934 of apoplexy, brought on by over-excitement at the Yale-Harvard football game.

A bust of Prof. Lansing was presented to the Hall by the International Child's Swordplay Association. It will be placed on the pedestal on which his name is inscribed.

The museum which is connected with the Hall now houses such relics and momentos as his Ford sport roadster, several Wagner records, his red marking pencil, pink tooth brush, and white false teeth. Visitors will be welcomed.

Prof. Poultice Loses Head Covering in Otter Creek

A large and mossy beaver hat was blown from the head of Prof. James S. Poultice into the muddy waters of the Otter river, while he was crossing Battell bridge downtown this morning.

A reward of the hat itself is offered to anyone lucky enough to recover it. Large numbers of students from both the men's and women's colleges have already begun the search in canoes and rowboats.

The head covering was worn for twenty years by Prof. Poultice and consequently had great antique as well as sentimental value.

While crossing in the middle of the bridge, a playful gust of wind whisked the hat from the professor's head and tossed it into the turbulent waters just above the falls.

WOMEN ARGUED ATOP CHIPMAN

A debate on the question, resolved, that women are essential for the promotion of high scholarshop among Riddleybum men was held last Sunday night on Chipman hill. Prof. H. Goddard Owen and Prof. Alfred M. Dame took the affirmative side of the question while Prof. William S. Burrage and Mr. Lansing V. Hammond upheld the negative.

The affirmative based its argument on the importance of women in maintaining peace on the campus, and peace of mind it stated is necessary to promote good work. Environment is everything in life and a womanless environment especially in the library would take away all inspiration for men to become Phi Betes. Women look up to and admire a hero and it would be impossible to expect men to work seriously for Phi Bete without women to inspire them.

The negative argued that women prevent men from doing their best work because they make nervous wrecks of them. In this mad rush to make Phi Bete and become a popular campus hero many permanently injure their health and thus ruin their chances of ever attaining this worthy goal. They pointed out that if women were abolished from the Riddleybum campus men would take more time for recreation and the men of Riddleybum college would no longer be a pitiful example of the old maxim, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

This was a non-decision debate.

RADIOS TO RENT
NEW ONES FOR SALE, $12.95 UP
C. F. RICH
Middlebury, Vt.

FUTURE FROSH DANCING TESTS

The Riddleybum Student Life Committee (in whom we live and move and have our being) has announced that beginning with the class of 1948, all freshmen, of both sexes, will be required to pass a specific dancing test. Ball room steps will be emphasized, with extra credit for tap, clog and ceremonial.

Interest in this important qualification was aroused when a petition circulated on both sides of the campus, complaining on two grounds, (a) that people stepped on her feet, and (b) that people got their feet under his.

Prospective freshmen unable to attain a passing grade in these tests will be turned over to accredited upper-classmen, provided such can be found, for elementary training.

Library Date Bureau to Aid Love Weakened Phi Betes

Faced with the necessity of showing a lucrative profit at the end of the year, Mortar Board and Waubanakee have evolved the long awaited plan of a date bureau, to be established in the reading room of the library.

Operating every moonlit night from Thursday on, the bureau will organize a complete card file, similar to the beloved Dewey system, to register every woman who enters the library in the evening. Peeks at the "remarks" section of each card will cost a nickel; two squints for a penny.

Three choices will be left at the desk by amorous males. If the bureau successfully contracts the first, the charge will be fifteen cents; ten cents for the second; a nickel for the third with two pins and a scathing look for any additional suggestions.

Proceeds are to be divided equally between the two sponsoring societies, with the exception of the pins, which will be used to keep the covers on the New Yorker copies, upstairs.

P. S. MURRAY WILL JOIN GERMAN CLUB

The German club crashes through. A gigantic production will be presented at the Opera House this Saturday afternoon. Professor Neuse and Mr. Tiller are the movie magnates responsible for bringing the production to Middlebury. The title is "Am Burschenlied aus Heidelberg". For ordinary folks that means something about student life at a German university.

Mr. Tiller states that students in Germany aren't so different from American students. And do they know how to handle their love affairs? That remains to be seen Saturday afternoon. Mr. Tiller says that the German romantic life is like that in America. Well - - he ought to know.

Maybe the German won't be understood by some but actions speak louder than words. The American girl in the picture should help out some too because her German isn't anything wonderful and she has to relapse into English at times. Dr. Neuse says that if he were the girl he would talk English all the time. Three guesses why.

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Large Assortment of Easter Candy Novelties
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Easter Boxes of Chocolates
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Repaired at low price! Now we have a Rubber Heil for 35c; Women's leather Heels 25c.
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Paul De Palma, Prop.

Dills Take Varsity In Gridiron Struggle

Caterpillar Shift, Newton's Third Law Proves Too Much for Valiant Men

By uncorking a dazzling attack that combined speed, power, deception, intrigue, coercion, Newton's third law, and Coty's behind the Southern California caterpillar shift, the undefeated and untied Riddleybum Dills, an up and coming fast semi-pro football outfit from over yonder on the other slope of the hill, outplayed the Riddleybum College varsity, 74-0.

The Panthers, state champion in their own class, were unable to fathom the intricacies of the Dill offense. Oh boy, did the Dills have them guessing! And what a contest! Gosh! What happened? . . . Wait . . .

All Riddleybum came to see the fray.
That crisp and sunlit April day. .
The robin whistled in the dell
The azure sky . . . . Oh whell. . .

Rest quietly, Shelley. . we'll not desecrate thine art. . but we could make it a pome, and a good one. Maybe like "The Shooting of Dan McGrew". . . or like Eddie Guest. . (what a name for a pun!) Continue ons. . .

All through the game (nobody could stop them!) music was supplied to profusion by Al Bouvier and his Golden Disturbers, and maybe there was some dancin'. Local talent obliged with vocal chorusus, without request.

The game was rather cleanly played in spots. The Panthers did most of the moaning, but it did them no good. A near fatality occurred early in the latter part of the last chukker when the Blue and White guards came out of the line in opposite direction on an off-tackle splash, and cracked their heads together. Since the ball hadn't been snapped (It was the Dills' ball anyway), nothing disastrous happened. The game continued without the guards.

The play of Jo Knox, Dill end, was a feature of the battle. Despite a slight disadvantage in weight and experience, she did a job on her opponent MacLean. MacLean did manage to take her out a few times, however.

The play of the opposing centers was a treat. Corliss and Omwake did some great work.

Between halves Al's Disturbers played "What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?" Al sang the chorus, with gestures.

The game opened with Yeomans taking the Dill kickoff and immediately stepping out of bounds, and it closed at the end of the last quarter. In between times the score mounted rapidly, but since the reporter was away at the time on sabbatical leave, no written record is in existence.

Without any doubt, the game was wonderful. The distinguished audience was receptive and sympathetic, applauding each magnificent rendition with spontaneous enthusiasm. Toscanini was never more Toscanini. And that means something, too.

Our friend "Poking About", was also there. Listen to what she has to say about the game. Are you ready, "Poking About"?

The quaint old athletic field is indeed a spot to be treasured in memory. To know its silent beauty at sunset is to really live. Have you ever cut across fields just beyond Hathaway's and approached it from the West? The scenic reward is worth it. One meets an earthly paradise of rustic charm. Take the West road, and follow it to the second fork. Then forget your way back.

Thank you, "Poking About" . . Ah yes the game. In terms of the game, we can't fool it . . . much . . .

The lineups included: Dills: Knox, Omwake, Barnard, Orde, Sargent, Kelley, Fillipone, Wilson, Gray, Scott, and Delfs.

Varsity: MacLean, Corliss, Hartrey, Reid, Hoyle, Yeomans, Boehm, Deemer, Jocelyn, Anderson, and Stafford.

B. Harlowe Beck refereed in his own imimitable way.

Classic Greek Piece to Have Big Outdoor Show on Lower Campus

(Continued from page 1)

With typical daring, the SCAUMP prints herewith an unretouched photograph of the second tenor section of the cast, with Dekapopolis Popodekalis, the hero, together with the bicycle upon which he rides into the scene, late in the tenth act, with the mortgage money.

Also included, we show the heroine, Penelope Stanyszx, in the same condition as the other players, just before preparing dress rehearsal.

Because no audience will attend the play, no producer has been engaged, and each actor will be held responsible for the lines of the man to his left (Wait'll von Stroheim hears of this!)

In the event of rain, the cast is instructed to walk not run, to the nearest exit.

OPERA HOUSE
WEEK OF APRIL 12
WEDNESDAY, April 12—
Jean Hersholt and Stuart Erwin in
THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY
Tom Keene in
THE CHEYENNE KID
THURSDAY, April 13—
Evalyn Knapp and James Murray in
AIR HOSTESS
Mary Brian and Irene Rich in
MANHATTAN TOWER
FRIDAY, April 14—
NO PICTURES
SATURDAY, April 15—
Ruth Chatterton in
FRISCO JENNY
Mickey, News and Comedy
MONDAY and TUESDAY,
April 17 and 18
Janet Gaynor and Chas. Farrell in
TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY
News and Comedy
MATINEE TUESDAY at 3 O'CLOCK

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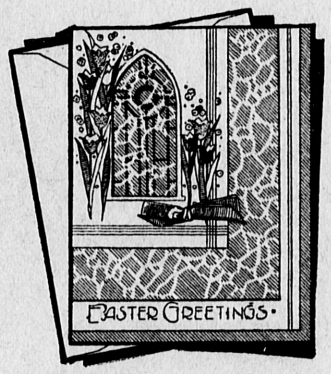

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HERE'S YOUR SCAUMP QUESTIONNAIRE FORM!

In keeping with the spirit of the times, the SCAUMP prepares to do its bit for the service of Riddleybum College. Presented herewith is a questionnaire, covering practically every phase of college life. The results will be devoted to the edification of educators and the stupefaction of students, whenever possible. It is hoped that the questions will be taken in the proper air of serious meditation, and that the result will show true care and thought.

The following questionnaire is to be filled out and returned to the pale green box in the bookstore before noon, next week:

Age?_____
Sex?_____
Living?_____
Father?_____
Great-grandmother's maiden name?_____
Average length of right toenails?_____
Favorite indoor sport?_____
Favorite outdoor sport?_____
Color of hair?_____
What do you think of Freud?_____
Does your mouth taste funny?_____
What do you do Wednesdays from nine-thirty to ten p. m.?_____
Have you got a sister?_____
Can you converse in Bronx?_____
What is the capital of Sciatica?_____
In what position do you study?_____ play euchre?_____
Have you any friends in Yonkers?_____
Why wear a truss?_____
Has your rug been Simonized?_____
Do you believe in fairies?_____
Who is that dark man in the corner?_____
How do you know?_____
When was Mahatma Ghandi born?_____ Why?_____
Who's your little whoozis?_____
Can you keep a secret?_____
Is there any caviar left?_____
Who won the war?_____
Lemon or cream?_____
Have you tried Ethyl?_____
Does amnesia bother you?_____
Why go on?_____

HOW THE OTHER GALS WENT AND SIGNED UP

(Continued from page 5)

Margery Thompson Hanchett
Norma Russell Selleck

1936

Mavis Caryl Jones
Mary Jane Kevan
Doris Ann Wall

Kappa Delta Rho

1933

Helen Maria Easton
Margaret Menzies Scott

1934

Thelma Mae Croft
Frances Eleanor Sargent

1935

Louise Hammond Fulton
Doris Louise Hiller
Miriam Elizabeth Smith

1936

Irene Eleanore Bonnett
Janet Lucile Howe
Elizabeth Laws
Melba Alyce Spaulding
Beatrice Evelyn Stoliker

Sigma Phi Epsilon

1933

Marian Edna Ball
Ruth Ingersoll McKinnon
Ruth Helen McMenemy
Carol Hurd McNeely

1934

Rena Doris Downing
Ruth Draper Hanchett
Barbara Lucile West

1935

Mary Grey Ballard
Patricia Littlefield
Barbara Perkins

1936

Mary Elizabeth Dansereau
Auretta Isabel Hanson

EASTER GREETINGS
via
Postal Telegraph
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Have you thought of making
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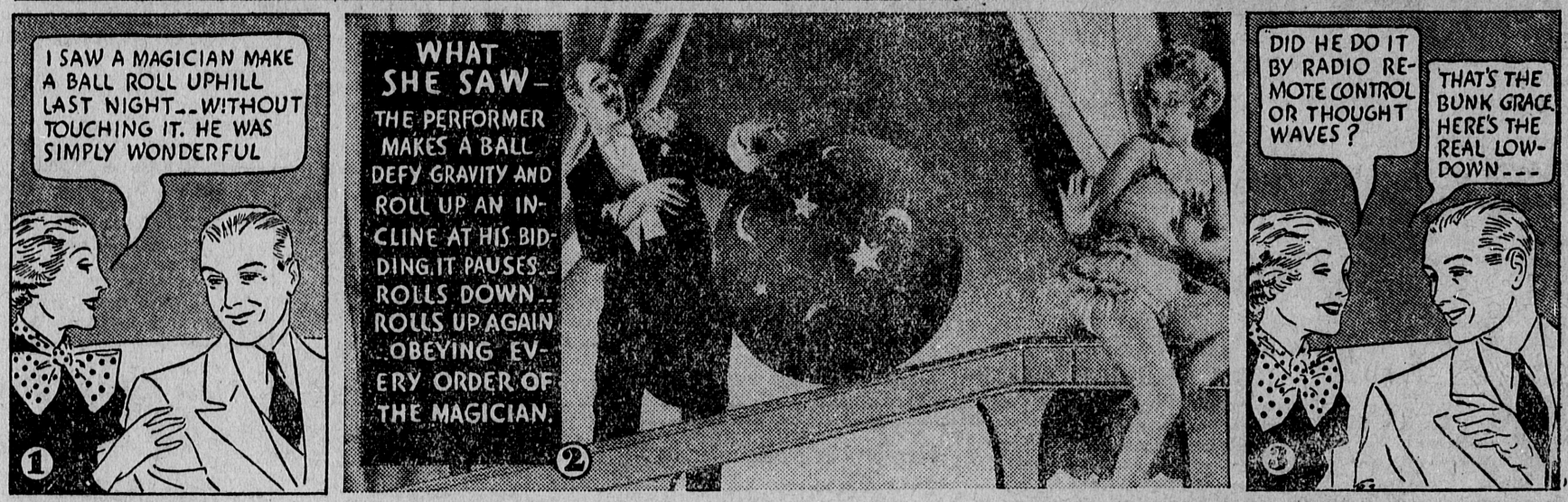
It's Fun to be Fooled..
TODAY'S SHOW
MYSTERIOUS BALL ROLLS UPHILL


I SAW A MAGICIAN MAKE A BALL ROLL UPHILL LAST NIGHT--WITHOUT TOUCHING IT. HE WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL
1
WHAT SHE SAW— THE PERFORMER MAKES A BALL DEFY GRAVITY AND ROLL UP AN INCLINE AT HIS BIDDING. IT PAUSES... ROLLS DOWN... ROLLS UP AGAIN... OBEYING EVERY ORDER OF THE MAGICIAN.
2
DID HE DO IT BY RADIO REMOTE CONTROL OR THOUGHT WAVES?
THAT'S THE BUNK GRACE. HERE'S THE REAL LOW-DOWN---
3
THE MAGICIAN DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH MAKING THE BALL PERFORM. THERE WAS A CONTORTIONIST INSIDE IT. BY SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT IN THE BALL, HE MADE IT GO.
4
5
MY GOODNESS BUT YOU'RE SMART, JOE. WON'T YOU HAVE A CIGARETTE?
EXCUSE ME. I DON'T LIKE YOUR BRAND
6
BUT ISN'T THIS THE MILDEST KIND?
THAT'S ANOTHER ILLUSION. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS? HERE, HAVE ONE OF MY CAMELS.
7
JOE, YOUR CAMEL IS MILDER AND I LOVE THE TASTE, TOO.
"IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW" ISN'T IT?
8
CAMELS are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are mild ...easy on the throat. They give you more *pleasure*. Try Camels.
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